

Fowler Floral  
Condensed from the Oral History of Jetta Allred

I remember being hungry a lot because my Mother was not a cook and she was not an inside person. She was always out in her flowers. She had beautiful flowers always.

No, I don't remember her ever raising much food. The boys had to do that, I guess. But, then when we got down in town, they moved to town finally. And my Mother turned the garage, after my dad died, my Mother turned the garage into a floral shop and this is what she loved.

And she could make the most beautiful corsages and on Jr. Prom night and Senior Hop night, I would have to go help her. I couldn't do the technical things, I wasn't that talented, but I could twist the stuff on the stems of the flowers getting them ready to put in.

So I'd get everything ready for her and she'd put the corsages together. It seemed like hundreds of them, but I guess it wasn't that many. So that's how she kept herself after Dad died.